THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

of

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

ANNE-MARIE SWANSON, soprano

assisted by

LORRAINE AMBROSE, pianist

Ah, Belinda	Purcell
Break in Grief	Bach
My Heart Ever Faithful	Bach
Ruhe Süssliebchen	Brahms
Wie soll ich die Freude	Brahms
Geburt Maria	Hindemith
Argwohn Josephs	Hindemith

INTERMISSION

Nell	Fauré
Clair de Lune	Fauré
Noël des Enfants	Debussy
L'Invitation Au Voyage	Duparc
Asturiana	de Falla
Cancion	de Falla
Nana	de Falla
Polo	de Falla

This senior recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the Bachelor of Music degree for Miss Swanson.

Thursday, February 6, 1969 — Convocation Hall
8:30 p.m. — Arts Building

Coming Events:

Sunday, February 9, at 3:15 p.m. in the Edmonton Public Library Theatre - Society for Talent Education Demonstration with child violinists and violoncellists as young as three years of age. Admission free.

Sunday, February 9, at 8:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall - The Department of Music Chamber Orchestra with student conductors and soloists in a program of music by Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Bizet.

Monday, February 10, at 12 noon in Convocation Hall - Workshop Concert with Bachelor of Music students and others.

Wednesday, February 12, at 8:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall - Viola Recital with Janos Csaba, guest artist from Rochester, New York, assisted by Sylvia Hunter, piano. Works by Dittersdorf, Brahms, and Hindemith will be performed. Admission free.

RUHE SÜSSLIEBCHEN
Rest, sweet love
In the shade of the dusky night.
The grass whispers on the meadow,
The shade fans and cools you
In faithful love, guards you.
Sleep, my love, Forever I am yours.

Be silent hidden songs--
Do not disturb my sweetheart's rest.
Listen, the birds are crowded.
Close, dearest, your eyes.

Sleep, my love
In dusky light
I will protect you.
Murmur forth your melodies,
Rustle on, you silent stream
In beautiful love phantasies.
Speaking in the melodies of tender dreams
Through the whispering wood.
Swarm, golden little bees
And hum you to sleep.

WIE SOLL ICH DIE FREUDE
How shall I bear the joy, the delight
When my heart beats so wildly?
When the hours of love have disappeared.
Where does the love-empty life lead?
The time moves with leadhung feet
And when I must part
How featherlight flies her step.

Beat longingly, great force within
  my breast,
As the sound of the lute echoes by,
So flies life's beautiful delight.
Ah, how soon will I delight,
Delight scarcely known to me.

Rustle further on--deep river of time,
You soon will go from tomorrow in today,
Go from place to place.
Dare you carry me so far?

I must not consider myself so miserable
Since the beloved one wanes.
Love does not let me starve
Until life sinks down.

No, the river gets wider,
Heaven remains cheerful.
Oh, Merry Oar,
Row down and bring life and love
Even to the grave.

GEBURT MARIA
How the angels must have longed
  to burst suddenly into song,
As men burst into tears;
For they knew that this was
  the last night when the Mother
  of the long-awaited Child was to be born!
Silently, they soared; and pointed
  the way to Joachim's lonely farm.
The coming miracle was felt through
  all space;
Tho, the angels might not yet go
  down to earth.

Down below, the two mortals were helpless.
A neighbor came and spoke wisely,
  yet knew not why.
The old man carefully slipped away
  to quiet the lowing cattle.
For never had anything like this happened!

ARGWOHN JOSEPHS
And the angel spoke and tried again
  with the man who clenched his fists:
"But can you not see by every fold
  that she is as cool as God's own dawn?"
The other looked at him darkly, and
  muttered only: "What has changed her so?"
Then the angel cried:
"Carpenter, do you not even know
It is the Lord God in action!
Because you make boards, and do it
  proudly,
Would you really challenge Him who
  out of the same wood
Makes leaves to sprout and buds swell--
  modestly.
He understood. And now as he raised
  his frightened eyes to the angel
He vanished.
He slowly pulled his cap off,
Then he sang praise.

NELL
Your purple rose in your brilliant sun,
Oh June, sparkles as if intoxicated,
Bend toward me, too, your golden cup;
My heart and your rose are alike
Under the soft shelter of shady boughs
Sounds a voluptuous sigh;

And turtle doves coo in the spreading wood,
Oh my heart, their amorous lament.
How sweet is your pearl in the flaming sky,
Star of the pensive night!
But sweeter still is the vivid light
Which shines in my heart, my charmed heart!
The singing sea, along the shore,
Will silence its everlasting murmur,
'Ere in my heart, dear love, oh Nell,
Your image will cease to bloom!

CLAIRE DE LUNE
Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders and
  dancers are promenading,
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
  sad beneath their fantastic disguises,
While singing in the minor key
Of triumphant love and the pleasant life.
They seem not to believe in their
  happiness,
And their song blends with the moonlight,
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,
Which sets the birds in the trees
  a-dreaming,
And makes the fountains sob with
  ecstacy,
The tall slim fountains among the marble
  statues.

NOEL DES ENFANTS
We have no more house or home
The Enemies took all we had--
Even our own little bed.
They burnt the school--our
  teacher too;
They burnt the church and also
  The Lord Jesus Christ.
The poor old beggar, too, who
  could not get away!

Daddy has gone to war,
Poor Mother is dead!
She does not see this.
Oh, what shall we do now?
Jesus, Infant Jesus--do not go
  to them, do not go to them ever
Punish them all!
Avenge the children of France
The little Belgians and Serbians
  and the little Polish ones.
If we should forget some,
Forgive us--Noël! Noël!
No toys! -- no little toys!
But may we please get back
  again our daily bread.
Jesus! listen to us,
Our wooden shoes we have no more;
So please give victory
  to the children of France!

L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE
My child, my sister,
Think how sweet it would be,
To go there to live together,
To love free from care,
To love and to die
In the land that resembles you!
The moist suns
Of these misty skies
To my mind have the charm,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Sparkling through their tears.
There, everything is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and pleasure!
See on these canals
The sleeping boats
That capriciously like to roam:
'Tis to satisfy your sweetest wish.
They have come from the ends of the world.
The setting suns
Again clothe the fields,
The canals, the whole town,
With hyacinth and gold,
The world falls asleep
In a warm light!
There everything is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and pleasure!

ASTURIANA
As I sought to relieve my pain
I drew near to a verdant pine
To see me weep, it wept again,
For so green was that verdant pine.

CANCION
Shame on your eyes, those traitors,
Let me dispatch them!
You cannot tell what anguish
Have mercy!
Nina, to watch them
Mother of sorrows!
They say you do not want me
Tho' once your lover,
Yet gains outweigh the losses
Have mercy!
Now all is over
Mother of sorrows.

LULLABY
Sleep softly, Nina, softly,
Sleep, sleep, my little angel,
Softly sleep, little starlet,
Gleam of the morning.

POLO
Ay! In my heart, I keep my sorrows
Which none shall ever surprise!
Accursed, beloved, accursed love! Ay!
And the one who made me wise! Ay!